THE RED CIRCLE S Albert Payson Terhune

AUTHOR OF THE "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M RITCHEY.

SYNOPSIS.

syncoros.

Im Borden, who derives his forme from a red hirthmark on the his right hand, is released from after serving his third term. One of every generation of the Border of the only known lively con Ted res the only known lively con June June Travia and her mother better on the set of t

FIFTH INSTALLMENT WEAPONS OF WAR

"I believe the Red Circle never shows on your hand except when you're planning some wicked miscroaked old Mary, as she paused at the door of June's bedroom, early next morning, her arms piled blish with clothes.

Yes," said June, drearily, with a rullty glance at her handbook, "I've fence from the alley at the rear. bought so, too."

"it was there last evening. It isn't there this morning," went on the old woman, depositing the clothes on a chair and beginning to arrange them. one by one, in a wardrobe trunk. What were you up to, dearle? Tell

"Nothing at all," declared June, her eyes fixed anxiously on the trunk Mary was packing. "Please don't let's talk about it. It makes me so miserable. I've packed part of the trunk," she added . "Don't disarrange that part of it, Mary."

Before breakfast. June had gone to Mrs. Travis, and, on plea of feeling close the town house that very morning and to go for the season to their summer cottage at Surfton.

Max Lamar had been closeted for an hour with Chief of Police Allen. They had twisted the new development of the "Red Circle" mystery inside and studying it vainly from every imagreeable angle.

First of all, they had ascertainedwhat they had already been sure ofthat no tailor in city or state was named Attman; and that neither city nor state contained any master tailor who was a mute. Also, a vigilant search of every tailor shop, by a dozen detectives, had failed to identify any employer or employee with the dumb

wouth of the preceding night. Have you tried your pretty little portrait gallery?" asked Lamer.

We'll run over it, if you like, I'd spot that lad's face anywhere. With the help of his secretary and of Policeman Mecks-the only men



"Suppose I Drop Around to See Smil

who had had a good look at the dumb tailor-the chief began a hasty search

of the collection. Here's old 'Circle Jim.'" said the chief once, as he gianced over a hand- it. I hope it lands you in the peu!

ful of photos. A few minutes later he paused at

Remember this chap?" he asked

Lamar took the photograph and, half "Max Lamar—fly cop—" he report-aloud, read the words acrawled on ed, "Comin' down the block; lookin'

"Sam Eagan—alias 'Smiling Sam' jewet burgiar-Close associate for me, dead sure! He's-"
years of 'Circle Jim' Borden-Claime to "Out the back way," ordered Sam.

have reformed. Has small cobbier shop at 1019 Bright way. Height 5 feet 8 inches. Weight 240 pounds. Identify-ing marks—"

Smiling Sam Eagan!" broke off Lamar, "I'm not likely to forget him. We got him when we got 'Circle Jim'. But he was too slick for us to give him all he deserved. He was turned loose about a year ago, wasn't he? That was the first time I ever heard of Miss June Travis-the young lady we met in the park, you know, when we were looking for the Veiled Woman. I heard at the prison how she met Smiling Sam when he got out, and how she was fooled by his maudin pledges of reform. He'd learned cobbling during his term. And she spent good money to set him up in a shoemaker shop of his own."

"She's the sait of the earth, that, girl," commented the chief.

Suppose I drop around to see Smiling Sam," said Lamar.

Sam Eagan? returned the chief. looking once more through a hand ful of photos. "Here you are: Cob-bler shop at 1019 Bright way. I've had him watched once or twice. But there's nothing on him."

Sam Eagan's shop faced on a cor ner, and behind it was a disreputable looking back yard separated by a rickety gate and a tumbledown board

The corner was uninviting, even for corner loafers. Yet one such loafer infested it at all hours of the day. This consistent idler was a thickset youth, clad in shabby gray. His name was Tom Dunn. His mission in life seemed to be to lean half-asleep against the lintel of Sam Eagan's door way, puffing cigarettes.

It was an uninspiring life that Mr. Thomas Dunn led. Long since, the neighbors had ceased to interest them selves in him.

Had the neighbors looked closer. they might perhaps have noted that his half-shut eyes were as bright as a rat's, and that those same apparently drowsy eyes were forever shifting their gase up and down the street. Also, that Mr. Dunn at intervals would step back into Smiling Sam's shop.

Tom Dunn, this morning, lounged as usual, in front of Smiling Sam's shop; smoking an ill-made cigarette; and loafing away the early hours when most of the world was at work.

Inside the dingy little shop, Sam himself was up to his eyes in toil. The shop's dirty walls re-echoed to the quick taps of his hammer, as he drove tiny bright nails into tough sole

As Eagan, cross-legged on his low bench, sat hammering gayly away, Tom Dunn ducked his unshaven visage into the room.

"Jake's comin'." announced Dunn and returned to the front steps one

Smiling Sam looked up with cadaverous man of middle age cham bled into the shop. The newcomer bore under his arm a crude little news paper parcel. He handed it to Sam. without a word.

Eagan unrolled the newspaper wrappings. Out fell a dusty shoe, whose sole was all but gone and whose heel was "run" at the left side. Smiling Sam picked up a cobbler's knife and proceeded to pry off the battered shoe's still more battered beel, Jake standing in nervous expectancy be hind him and looking avidly over the cobbler's fat shoulder

Presently, the heel came away from the shee. It was bollow and it was wadded with tissue pager. Sam carefully undid the tissue folds. Out of them dropped a round brooch, set with alternate pearls and diamonds of a fair size

"How much?" demanded Jake.

"Twenty." was Sam's terse verdict "Twenty," snorted the indignant Jake, "Twenty what? Twenty nothin! Twenty dollars for that bit of Easy Street Pavement? Why, the gold set tin' is worth more 'n that, you measly

"Twenty!" snapped Eagan. "Take It or leave it."

"I'll leave it, then," stormed Jake "I'm not going to be robbed. Give it

"Sure," smiled Eagan, blandly, turning the brooch to him; and at the time absentmindedly pulling same from his trousers pocket a roll of bills

To Jake the sight of money was a one to a starving dog. He wavered.

"Oh, take it, you swine!" he growled, tossing the brooch down upon Eagan's leather-sproped lap. "Take

Sam peeled two greasy ten-do bills from the roll, handed them to Jake and put the rest of the money back in his pocket. He picked up the Lamar, handing him an oblong of brooch. As he did so, Tom Duna slipped hurriedly into the shop.

> at the numbers on the houses." "Ges!

" babbled Jake, "He'll spot

by the arm and hustled him toward playing w the back of the shop: to a place where all dirty." the blank surface of the wall was broken by several shelves on which

stood a sparse array of shoe boxes. Dunn thrust his hand in among these boxes. Instantly, a section of the wall shelves and all opened outward, revealing a passageway behind. Through this opening, Dunn shoved the panic-stricken Jake; closing the thick secret door behind them.

Jake and his conductor found themselves in a dim-lit inner room, unfurnished save for a big and dog-cared calendar that hung on one wall, and a broken packing box below it. Dunn pushed violently at a slab in the enipped pleater of the adjacent wall. The plaster gave back at his push. A doorway, perhaps three feet high and twenty inches or less in width, took the place of the seemingly solid plastering. Through this hole, closing it behind them, the two wriggled; out into the yard beyond; and thence, through the rickety gate to the alley-WAY.

Meantime, left alone in his shop, Smiling Sam Eagan saw a long shadow fall athwart the street threshold and hesitate there for an instant.

No time was to be lost. Sam slipped the brooch back into the hollow of the shoe heel; and, with two deft blows of the hammer, nailed the heel into place on its shoe. He was driving the second nail.

when Max Lamar sauntered into the Max glanced down approvingly at the busy old fellow tacking a worn

heel on to a worthless shoe.
"Well, well, Mr. Lamar!" he cried jovially, holding out an enormous "This is an honor I wasn't a-looking for. Sit down. You'll find that bench clean, I think. I try to

"Let me take that bum old shoe you're playing with, Mr. Lamer 11'll get you

I dirty."
Thinking Sam was trying to change the subject in order to avoid talking of the Red Circle, Lamar paul no heed to his request; but kept an swinging the shoe idly to and fro, as he asked

That Red Circle, now you remem her what Jim Borden used to say about

"That it cropped out once in every generation of his family," supplemented Engan, "and that the person who had it was always's criminal."

"I have reason to believe it was gospel truth, Eagan," said Lamar. The Red Circle on the back of the hand has always been the sign-manual of a crook, in the Borden family. And-

"Not always," corrected Sam. There was that son of his-young ed Borden-for instance. He was a cheap crook, right down to the ground, that youngster was. Hat there wasn't any Red Circle on his hand. That shoe, now-" he continued anxiously; but Max interrupted.

That brings me to the point. You say Ted Borden had no Red Circle on his band. And Ted died when his father died. But how about Jim Borden's other children?"

"Circle' Jim's other children?" cried Sam, in a wonder that was palpably genuine. "His other children? man alive, Jim Borden never had another child but Ted."

"I'll tell you why I ask," said Lamar, impressively, leaning forward and emple in this very city today have the Red Circle on the backs of their right bands.

He broke off and looked down with sudden curiosity at the shoe he was



The Cobbler Picked I's a Short Handled Hammer.

teep things as tidy as I can. This holding. As he had been abstractedly is like old times, seeing you again." shaking it to and fro he had all at once delf on the shiny bench and taking out his cigarette case. "It's good to see you so nicely fixed here, Sam. And it's good to see you aren't scared at

"That's right, sir," chimed in Eagan, with a big laugh of genuine amuse-ment. "Why, I can remember the day when I'd a run a screechin' up a tree if you came in sight. Lord, but it's worth wh'e not to be scared stiff every time a detective happens

'round' Abruptly Max came to the object of

"Eagan," he said, "I've called around here this morning to see if I can get some information from you. I want to talk with you about 'Circle

Jim' Borden."

"Old 'Circle Jim'" exclaimed Sam. "Why, Jim's dead. Too dead to skin." "You and he were pretty close friends, weren't you?"
"Me and Jim? Yes. Good friends

for more years than you'd know how to remember," replied Sam.

Max caught sight of the shabby and dusty shoe lying on the bench beside him-the shoe at whose heel the cobbler had been tinkering when his visitor entered. Lamar picked up the shoe, absent-mindedly and, taking hold of the tip of its laces, began to swing it carelessly to and fro, as if it had been an uncouth pendulum. Sam watched him in furtive anxiety. Max

went on: it, of course?"

wouldn't?" answered Sam. adding:

noticed that a faint rattling sound came from somewhere within the shoe.

"There,'s something loose in the heel of this shoe," he said, "something that rattles like a loose bit of metal."

Sam did not answer. Surreptitiously the cobbler had reached behind him and had picked up the heavy, shorthandled hammer with which he had been working.

"Yes." went on Lamar, "there's something rattles in this heel. Just as if there was a compartment inside. with something lying loose in it."

He picked up an awl from the bench and inserted it between heel-tap and "upper." Eagan drow a long breath and half-lifted the hammer.

"Good morning, Sam," came a clear young voice from the doorway. "I'm going out of town for the summer. stopped in on my way to the station to see how you are getting on and to tell you-Oh, how are you, Mr. Lamar? It's so dark in here, after the sunshine, i didn't see you."

The spell was broken. The tension was relaxed. Lamar at sight of June Travis, let the shoe tamble to the floor. forgotten, as he sprang up to greet her. Sam laid down the hammer with a grunt of reaction. As Lamar strode forward to meet lune the cobbler thrust the shoe into the breast of his own shirt and substituted for it another one from a nearby pile on the

"How are things going, Sam?" asked June, cheerily, turning from Max as the queer Red Circle on the back of the cobbler reached her side. "Is the Jim Borden's hand. You remember rheumatism any better? And do peo of course?"
"Sure I remember it. sir. Who ly?"

"The rhoumatism is pretty bad,

sales" said Sam, with a fine show of courage, "but I can stand it. The doc-tor did it a lot of good last month; but he won't give me any more treat ment, he says, till I pay the twenty five dollars I owe him on his last bill. So I guess I'll have to grin and bear it

awhile longer "You poor old thing," said June, in quick sympathy. "Indeed you shall not grin and bear it' another day. Here," taking three bills from her handbeg. "pay that cranky bear of a doctor this. very morning and have him give you treatment. Tell him to send his next bill to me. I must go now. My mother and Mary are waiting for me in the car, outside there. Good-by, Sam, good-by, Mr. Lamar."

But Max would not be dismissed to this fashion. He insisted on going to the car with her, and, on the way, he managed to angle successfully for an invitation to call on her at the Surfton cottage

After which he stared at the automobile until it bore her out of sight Then he wandered on down the street, planning bustly -not for the solving of the Red Circle mystery, but to discover some way of arranging his work so as to leave him an entire afterpoon and evening free for a run to Surfton by-the-Sea.

Sam Eagan and the mysteriously rattling shoe were quite wiped from his mind.

Sam, meantime, his professionally genial smile glued to his red face, was looking down at the twenty-five dolphasizing his words by tapping the lars June had so generously forced shoe against his knee "Because I hap upon him. But, though his eyes were shoe against his knee "Because I hap upon him. But, though his eyes were pen to know that no less than two peo- fixed on the money in his hand, his mind was not.

Twenty-five dollars, just at present seemed to Smiling Sam a pitifully small sum. For he had sudden visions of an infinitely larger amount. Visions so bright as to take away, for the mo ment, even the memory of his parrow escape from exposure in the matter of the hollow-heeled shoe. A mighty inopiration was gripping Sam Eagun; an inspiration born of his talk with

After a moment of thought he nod-ded his head, stuck the money into his pocket and locked the door of his shop. Then he went to the secret door among the shoe-shelves and opened it. Passto where the dog-eared old calendar hung on the wall. Lifting this calendar, he disclosed a

he pulled forth a telephone, took the receiver from the hook and called for a number. Miss La Balle's apartment?" he asked presently; then: "That you, Alma?—Sam—Come around here in a rush. There's something big Hurry

cupboard behind it. Reaching into this.

Eagan returned to the shop, put on his cost and went out into the neigh

borhood to do a little shopping. Back home he came, and through to the hidden room; there depositing his purchases in the telephone cupboard sehind the calendar. He had barely regained the front shop when a woman

Alma La Salle was perhaps twenty five, perhaps a little older. She was of medium height; wiry, dark and inclining to sallowness.

She was an invaluable source of revenue to Sam. And, apart from her uncanny definess at robbery, he knew he could always count on her wit and daring to carry out any campaign he might devise.

"Hello, kid." was his greeting, this morning. "You didn't waste any time. That's right. You got a train to cat and some fancy packing to do, first." "Train to catch?" she repeated eag-

"To Surfton-by-the-Sea. There's big ball at the Surfton hotel tonight. Our man there tipped me to it. You're going to 'operate' at the ball."

"It's a new angle we're going to work from on this," he pursued "There ought to be a pot of cash in it Ever bear of the Red Circle?"

"Of course," she made answer. "Wh hasn't?

"Give me your hand," he ordered "The right one."
"Wonderingly. Alma obeyed. Mois

tening the brush and rubbing it on the red-paint cake, Sam proceeded to trace on the back of the woman's hand an irregular Red Circle. "Watch that closely." he warned.

'That's just the shape of the one Horden had. Do you think you could paint that on your own hand?

Why. yes; but-" He dipped the sponge in the liquid from the phial and passed it over the circle. The paint quickly vanished.

"There you are!" said he. "Go to the ball. Pinch everything you get half a chance at. Then sneak into some quiet corner to paint that circle on your hand. Manage to let the house detective or some of the guests get a glimpse of it. Then rub it off. When the yell goes up that a lot of boobs have been robbed the Red Circle will be sure to get the blame for it."

There was but one theme of import among the summer idlers at Surftonby the Sea. June had not been at the cottage an hour before she had heard the whole story from Mary, who had

it from a neighbor. It seemed that Todd Drew, the dissolute young son of Amos Drew, the great inventor, had just arrived at the Surfton hotel, ile had brought thither, so said report, a small flat metal case that was more deadly than fifty bat-

teries of siege guns.

For this case contained the plans for & war-engine, infinitely ingentous and destruction, this engine. By its uso

whole armies could be destroyed in a OTERO COUNTY ANNUAL

single minute Amos Drew had invented the thing. Having done so he had been so appalled by its possibilities for annibila tion that he had never put it upon the market, but had stowed the plans away among his private papers

But now Amos Drew was dead, and his only heir, Todd Drew, was busy wasting the paternal fortune.

Thus it was, seaside gossip ran, that he had brought to Surfton the terrible war engine plans; and he was to meet here one Count Freel, the agent for a foreign government, to negotiate with him for their sale.

With a shudder Jane dismissed the story from her mind. To occupy her thoughts, she resolved to take the bup-



She Resolved to Toss the Bundle Into as follows:

dle of masculine clothing at once to the nearest deserted pier and toss it into the ea.

Half way to the pier she passed a ramshackle boathouse, whose weather warped boards were bulged and splayed, in several places, until they looked like the slats in front of a henhouse. As June sped past the boathouse she chanced to notice a large smooth stone-just the thing to weight the bundle she carried. She picked it up, opened the bundle at one end, dropped in the stone and fastened the package's string once more. At the same moment, from the shack just behind her, sae heard a man's voice say-

ing impatiently:
"I'm no blooming diplomat, count. Come down to cases. What will you pay?"

June dropped the bundle she held She stood transfixed, there, on the rocky beach, in front of the shack. Understanding came to her with a rush. So the story was true!

June-the Red Circle blazing and pulsing on her white hand-had crept nearer and nearer to the shack. She initiated a boom, peeped in cautiously, through one of the wide cracks in the boards.

A crate had been turned upside down to serve as a table, and it stood close to the aperture in the boards At the opposite ends of this improvised table, on a couple of boat trestles, sat two men.

On the crate-table, just in front of Drew, rested an oblong metal dispatch box, perhaps ten inches long, four inches wide and two inches high.

June drew back from the shack and glanced guiltly around. No one was in sight. Near by lay a fragment of wreckage, a thick board about

She carried it to the shack's only door, braced one end of the board against a bowlder in front of the door and then put the other end just be neath the jutting cross-panel half way

up the door.
"Yes, sir!" Todd Drew was vociferating. "It's worth an easy two million dollars to your government-or to any other warring country-to get these

He broke off with a yell. For as he looked down at the metal box that had lain in front of him on the table it was no longer there. He was just in time to see a woman's small hand drawing the dispatch box cautiously out through a crack in the wall boards.

Drew made a clutch at the vanishing hand and seized it by the wrist. "I've got her, count" h Say, she strugglee like a wildcat. Run

The count leaped for the door. the same instant June's other hand ap peared through the adjoining crack its fingers grasped a long pin she had hastily snatched from her sailor hat.

the pin. right mercilessly. With a howl of pain Drew relaxed his grip on her wrist. Her hands vanished—the dispatch box and the hatpin along with them-just as the count

into Todd's detaining flat she drove

"I cannot get this miserable door open! It is jammed!

June waited to hear no more. She tore open the end of the bundle. thrust the metal box into it, closed it again and, snatching it up, raced madly for the pier. Nor did she pause until she had buried the bulky parcel far out

into the sea. Meantime, in the shack, pande-monium had broken loose. Both men threw their bodies frantically against the unvielding door.

As the door at last fell Todd and the count rushed forth, panting, disheveled, in pursuit of the thief. "It was a woman!" puffed Drew as

he broke into a run. "Our only clue to that I saw the sleeve of a sallor suit more murderous than any hitherto de and-and-there was a flery Red Cir-(END OF FIFTH INTALLMENT.)

STATEMENT COMPLETED

Alamogordo, N. M. Jan L. The chinal statement of the Cornelat sol-lition of Oters county has likely com-pleted by the county clock Charles H. commit and apprended by the

onemiestatiegs. compared with \$68,459.14 for the pr vious year. The total receipts for the year were \$100.734.08, while the expenditures amounted to \$152.718.73. The decrease in the amount of interior on hand is due almost allocather. to the fart that the tax roll were not reads in time for any calle tions to m made in December. The fill Pass & Southwestern system above would have Southwestern and on a note would be a paid something like \$24.00 for the first half of 1915, if the rolls had been rouly for the collection to be made before the close of the yest. The total of the general county forms out standing is \$10.000, while the district school bould center, a test of \$2.200. Among the principal experiments are the among the principal experiments.

were the atmounts paid from the following tunds General count; \$11-429,43; court; \$5,841.09; courthouse and tail repair. \$1,415,50; wild assent unit all repair. \$1,418-30 with audion human. \$1,272, counts high selicut. \$5,274-92 sepe bit road. \$9,682-62, acception. \$1,345-75, county schools \$21,722.80 miligent. \$1,722.80 of the amount expended for schools repaired \$15,467.21.

AUTHORIZATIONS FOR GRAZING ON FORESTS OF STATE ANNOUNCED

Announcement has been made by the forest service of authorizations for the grazing of stock on New Mexco and Arizona national forests, ha made by Secretary Houston, of the department of agriculture. They are

For New Mexico, 133,850 head of cattle and horses, 529,369 head of steep and goats, and 3.2"; head of swine, for Arizona, 281,09 head of cattle and horses, 284,850 head of sheep and goats and 1,500 head of The authorization for 1915 is for

1,150 head of cattle and horses and 5.850 head of sheep and some less than for 1915, and the authorization for swine is 675 head more than for VIOLATES DIPHTHERIA

QUARANTINE: IS FINED

C. E. Mitchell has been fixed \$50 and costs for violating a diphtheria quarantine here. The action was tried be fore Justice Kellogg, who refused to entertain a motion for an appeal.

Wants Ten New Schools.

Santa Fe, N. M., Jan. 25. J. V. Gallegos, school superintendent for Guadalupe county, has filed a petition for state aid to erect ten school buildings, for which he has



NOT A TRUE PATRIOT. First Politician-I don't like Square chin a hit. He strikes me as being an egotistical crank. He seems to have a marvelous admiration for his own

Intellectual ability. Second Politician-Yes, sir; that's just the kind of a man he is! He's one of these here fellows that insist on making up their own minds on political issues before the party has

adopted its platform.

The little boy regarded the pictures of the harem skirt with starting eyeballs.

"Does it mean that I am to have

twice as many trousers cut down for Then he fell on his knees and prayed, as never before, that several sisters might be vouchsafed him in the

SOMEWHAT VAGUE. The Smitten Man (fervently) -Love you, darling? Why, before I met YOU

I thought only of having a good time

future.

in life.



Two Beautiful Calendars

Distinctly different and artistically better than any calendars we have seen. These two girl sub-jects from the brush of W. Haskell Coffin are so eleverly reproduced in eight colors that it is difficult to distinguish them from the original water color. Please iet us send you this set. Enclose 5c. to cover wrapping and mailing cost.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

gas. 1 800ties & 588, 37 Great Jones St., Bem Tu

Read the Story In the Herald; See the Picture at the "B"